

Halo 3: The End of All Things To Come

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Summary: As the Chief attempts to stop Truth and The Arbiter reforms the Elites along side the remaining crew of the In Amber Clad, the fate of both sides will be decided...

1. Prologue

**Halo 3: The End of All Things to Come**

**written by appledude211**

**Prologue**

* * *

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"Tartarus...the Prophets have lied to us".

The sentence echoed through Tartarus's head. To him, it seemed to echo throughout the Control Room, and through the entire galaxy. He loosened his grip on the Grav Hammer he carried. The weapon was very powerful, even more deadly in the hands of an expert. The Prophets had blessed him with it, and Tartarus killed many with it. Not even the shields of an Sangheili could not withstand its force. Yet the mighty Brute, the one who was the mightiest of all of the Jiralhanae, could not bear the words that came from The Arbiter, even with his deadly weapon at his side. For a moment in time, forgetting about the human female he held, forgetting the dark skinned soldier behind The Arbiter, forgetting everything all around him, and thought. 'Is it true?' In Tartarus's mind it was all lies and blasphemy. Tricks of Heretics to bring more to their side. But the Oracle was a religious signifignce to not only him, but the entire Covenant. Blessed by The Forerunners, The Oracle was to give the directions to turn the key, and start The Great Journey. Yet in the back of Tartarus's head, The

Oracle was right. The Sacred Ring was a weapon of last resort, to stop the spread of the Parasite. For a split second, Tartarus considered to give in, to admit that he had been lied too, to face the fact that the Prophets, who he adored and worshipped for a long time, had lied to him.

But blind rage ran through his body. His grip tightened on his Grav Hammer and his eyes narrowed. 'No' he thought, 'I will not be brought down by Heretic lies!'. He quickly grabbed the human female's hand, placed the Sacred Icon in her hand, and forced her to insert it into the Control Panel.

"No, Arbiter! The Great Journey has begun! And the Brutes, not the Elites, shall be the Prophets' escort!".

Tartarus picked up his Grav Hammer, activated his experimental Overshield, and prepared to add another Sangheili head to his collection.

* * *

>The Arbiter had been through many of battles, most of them were close calls. But this would be his biggest yet. He had to kill Tartarus, before the Holy Ring could fire. If he failed, not only his brethren, but all life in the galaxy would die. He ignited his Energy Sword and made sure his Plasma Pistol was still at his side. Then he charged at Tartarus's Brute escort. Five Brutes formed a wall in front of where Tartarus jumped off and onto the three platforms in the Control Room's surface. Arbiter eyed the ones who had Brute Shots. Knowing that at least one had the Grenade Launcher, he was satisfied that his shields wouldnt go down by the Grenades. He charged at the first Brute, who was only armed with a human Shotgun. Though primitive, it was highly effective in close quarters. Knowing this, Arbiter jumped just as the Brute was about to fire. He plunged the blade right into the top of the Brute's head, killing him instantly. A second Brute charged at the Arbiter with two Plasma Rifles. Arbiter quickly scooped up the Shotgun, pumped it, and fired a shell into the Brute's face as he got close. The Brute yelled in agony as the buckshot mangled his face and black blood started to flow out. Arbiter kicked the Brute off the platform and into the abyss below. The other Brutes became enraged and two of them charged right at the Arbiter, while the one with the Brute Shot held back. He discarded the Shotgun, and rolled to his left as a Brute swung his fist right where the Arbiter was. He grabbed the arm, and stuck his Energy Sword into the Brute's belly. He then pushed the Brute and slammed him into the other charging Brute, pushing both off the balcony. That only left with one other Brute. The Jiralhanae fired his Brute Shot at the Arbiter, but Arbiter had enough time to take cover. He knew he couldnt stay for long, those grenades ricochete off solids.<p><p>

He thought of something. That Shotgun...He quickly made a run for it. Brute Shot grenades went off as he ran but he managed to pick it up and duck for cover once more. The Brute fired his last grenade and paused to reload. This was The Arbiter's chance.

* * *

>Fratus was aggravated by the results. Four of his brothers dead, and that Sangheili scum was still alive. Fratus would not kill the

Sangheili, but damage him enough for Tartarus to finish the job. Still, he longed to smell the blood of a dead Sangheili again. As he paused to reload his Brute Shot, he noticed that a shadow where the Arbiter was jumped off and landed behind him. It seemed like hours to the Brute, who had his own life passed before his eyes before a crack of thunder rang out, and he was in paradise.<p><p>

* * *

>The Brute's head exploded with gore, bone, brain matter, and blood as the buckshot ripped his head off from its shoulders and disengaged. The Arbiter shouldered the Shotgun, knowing it might be useful. He turned towards the three platforms in the center of the Control Room. Tartarus was batting away his fellow Elites like if they were mere toys. The Grav Hammer just smashed their bodies into nothing but mere remains of skin, bone, and blood. Arbiter could not stand for this, and jumped down to the platforms. As he reached the area, only one Elite was left. Tartarus picked him up by the throat and threw him off the platform. The Arbiter let out a war cry and charged at Tartarus. Tartarus turned and swung his Hammer at the Elite. Arbiter jumped and landed behind Tartarus, ignited his Energy Sword. Tartarus moved his Hammer down his back, blocking the strike, and swung the Hammer right at the Arbiter. The Elite blocked the attack with his Sword, but not after being knocked into a wall from the sheer force of the blow.<p><p>

He regained his bearings, and was just in time to roll out of the way of Tartarus's Hammer as it smashed down to the ground. He unholstered the Shotgun and fired nine shots in the magazine. It did nothing to the Overshield. Tartarus laughed and charged at the Elite. 'Gods help me' said Arbiter in his mind. Suddenly, three purple beams rang out and hit Tartarus's shield, disabling it. Arbiter looked up to see the dark skinned Human with a Beam Rifle.

"What are you looking at? Kill that gorilla!".

Arbiter focused and brought the Shotgun up to bear. Tartarus still charged at the Elite, not knowing what happened. Arbiter aimed the Shotgun and waited until Tartarus got into point blank range and fired. The buckshot tore into Tartarus's eyes, letting blood flow through his eye sockets. He couldn't see anything besides his own blood. He yelled in pain as his vision was being clouded with blood. But he could still see the Arbiter, who rose his blade and sliced the Brute Chieftain's head off. The Chieftain could still see his own body fall while everything turned black...

* * *

>Miranda Keyes had no time to watch the battle unfold. She had to remove the Index before the Halo could fire. After jumping down on the moving platforms and avoiding some obstacles, she was in reach of the Control Panel. She jumped off and landed on the balcony and ran towards the Control Panel. Keyes took out the Index and let out a sigh of relief.<p><p>

But the station still rumbled, and a beam of light flashed through the platforms and out into the sky. Was it too late? She was still alive, so she had no doubt she stopped it. But what was that beam of light? Out of the corner of her eye, she could see 343 Guilty Spark, and Sergeant Johnson, who was hanging on to the Forerunner

construct.

"What was that?" Keyes asked Guilty Spark.

"A beacon" replied the Monitor.

"Whats it doing?".

"Communicating at superluminal speeds with a frequency of-"

"Communicating with what?"

"The other installations".

"Show me".

A Hologram expanded from the Control Panel and showed the seven Halo rings. One was marked red. 'That one must've been the one Chief destroyed' thought Keyes.

"Fail-safe protocol: in the event of unexpected shut-down, the entire system will move to standby status. All platforms are now ready for remote activation." explained the Monitor.

"Remote activation? From here?" asked Keyes.

"Dont be ridiculous" replied Spark.

Johnson started to gesture towards the construct. "Now Listen tinkerbell, dont make me...". Keyes put a hand on Johnson, telling him to stop.

"Then where? Where would someone go to activate the other rings?" asked Miranda.

Spark paused, as if the question was common knowledge, then replied, "Why...The Ark of course."

"And where, Oracle, is that?"

Johnson and Keyes turned to see the Arbiter, who was covered in Brute blood and burns, His Energy Sword hung from his waist and a depleted Plasma Pistol in his hands. Guilty Spark looked at him, and simply answered.

"Earth...why did you ask?".

* * *

>Well Im doing something different for a change, so please review.<p><p>

2. Hell's Daredevil

**Chapter 1**

**Helljumping 101**

Jake Robinson sat in the Pelican seat, his short brown hair and firm face perspiring, twirled a M6C Magnum on his Index finger. The pistol spun from its trigger guard a few times before being holstered in Robinson's side holster in one swift movement. He then took out another pistol, this time a captured Plasma Pistol he picked up during his time on Jericho XV. It was tricky to twirl the thing, since there was no trigger guard to support a finger. Robinson, however, found a way to keep the pistol moving on his finger. He spun the pistol at a rapid start, turning it into a blur of motion. After a good few minutes, he holstered the Plasma Pistol, and checked his other equipment. His layout was pretty standard for an ODST. He had a modified BR55 slung over his shoulder with Ten extra magazines. When he first turned in his MA5B for the BR55, he was disgusted by its handling in a firefight. The unchangable three round burst was utter crap in combat, and it was a total downgrade from the MA5B. So Jake and his friend, a gunnery sergeant in Bravo Company, modified his BR. It was a nice work of art. The 2X Scope was removable and an iron sight was welded above the digital ammo counter. The magazine size was extended to Sixty rounds and could use old MA5B ammunition. The Rifle also had a 'fire selector', which ment he could change it from Single Round or Full Auto. That way, he had an Assault Rifle and a highly improved BR in the same package. Along with 4 Frag Grenades and a Satchel Charge, He had two M6C Magnums in his side holsters, each one with Eight magazines of .357 ammo, and a Plasma Pistol in his thigh holster. He always twirled the things like a cowboy in those old 'Western' movies. It helped him think before combat. Although some people thought it was silly. Others thought it was dangerous. Robinson didn't care, it was his way of calming his nerves. Though he never used that in combat. Jake was smarter than that. He took out his M6C out of his left holster and started to spin it again, switching hands as he went.

"You gotta stop doing that 'Wild West' crap Corporal".

Jake turned his head towards his Company Commander, Lieutenant Li Kerigan, who was seated two seats to the left of Robinson. Kerigan was the commander of Alpha Company, 1st Battalion, 67th Heavy Division. It wasn't any other Marine Company, it was an Orbital Drop Shock Trooper Company, or ODST. They were the best of the best in the Marine Corps. The all volunteer outfit was frequently sent into 'suicide missions', meaning you had a 50/50 chance of staying alive. The 67th was always at the frontline during the war against the Covenant, from Jericho VII, to Sigmus Octanus IV, and Reach. The 67th took 90 casualties during the fighting on Reach, defending a Super MAC gun generator. The unit barely made it out of Reach before the Covenant glassed the system. Jake still remembered the sight of the oceans boiling away, and entire continents set on fire. The screams of his fellow comrades as they burned echoed through his ears. Jake shook his head, he couldn't let those memories affect him in combat. That was the kind of stuff that got people killed.

"You have to try it some time El-Tee, maybe I'll give you a lesson or two".

Li smiled, and replied "If it can torture Grunts, count me in".

Suddenly, the Pelican shook, rocking the 15 passengers in their seats. "_Sorry fellas_" said a female voice on the intercom, "_We're hitting some turbulence. ETA to LZ, 5 minutes"._

Kerigan got up and held onto a crossbar on the Pelican. "LISTEN UP! The Covenant sent reinforcements to their fleet not too long ago. The Swabbies did a damned fine job in busting Covenant ass up there! But one of their Carriers broke through our battle clusters, made landfall, and have occupied one of our cities. Marines are fighting in the city as we speak, but they're being pinned down by Covie Artillery and Armor. Our job is to destroy any Artillery, Tanks, Vehicles, and Heavy Weapons we find".

Kerigan then took out a portable computer, and projected a holographic map of the city, Abusadar, which was near the now ruined New Mombasa. The Lieutenant continued on with his breifing. "Alpha Company will take out the artillery on the west side of the city, the rest of 1st battalion will follow suit on the south and east sides. 1st platoon will land here, near the beach. 2nd platoon will land just outside the City. 3rd platoon, us, we will land here, at the Western Gate. We have 'Longbows' and Pelicans to provide air support".

He put away the computer and said one last speech, "Men, this isn't any alien planet this time. This is Earth. We're fighting on our own soil, so lets shove that soil into those bastard's mouthes!" This provoked a big "HOO-RAH!" from the men. Jake joined in, and slammed a Magazine in his BR. A kid, only 19, looked at the Rifle, and looked back at his own. "Where'd you get that?" he asked Jake.

"Modified it after I traded in my MA5B". Jake replied. The kid nodded, and looked back on the floor of the Pelican. Jake looked at the kid, and asked, "Whats your name?". The kid looked back up at Jake, hesitated, and said "Harrison". Jake nodded and replied "I'm Jake".

BANG! An explosion resonated through the Pelican, shaking up all of the passengers onboard. Jake looked at the pilot's compartment, but there was nothing but smoke. A trickle of blood started to ooze out of the compartment, along with the smell of ozone. "Hang on!" yelled Kerigan. The Pelican swayed to the right, quickly lost altitude, and smashed into a building. Jake closed his eyes tight and tried to keep his cool when something hard hit the back of his head. Jake tried to shake it off, but it was no use. He blacked out...

* * *

>His eyes were blurry, and his mouth tasted like copper, but other than that, he was fine. Jake took off his helmet and tried to regain his bearings. He looked around to find out he was still in the Pelican, which luckily crashed on its belly. There was no one around, except a couple dead bodies of fellow ODST's and discarded weapons. Jake felt around and felt relieved that his equipment was still with him. He took off the seat's safety harness and got up. There was no one around. Human wise that is. 5 Grunts were stationed outside of the Pelican. Jake carefully looked out and saw that they were all sleeping except one, who was looking at what looked like a com station. 'Fish in a Barrel' thought Jake. He decided that he should save his ammo and pulled out a Frag Grenade. He pulled the pin and threw it in the middle of the group. Three seconds later, a whump was heard and Phosphorescent blue ichor splattered on the ground. Jake took a crouching position and waited for an Elite or a group of Jackals to step in the Pelican to see where that grenade

originated. Nothing came.

Jake got back up, but kept alert. He slowly stepped to the edge of the Pelican's exit, and considered to look out. He decided that it would be safer if he used his fiber optic probe. He searched in his equipment bag and found it. It was a small Standard Issue K8 fiber optic probe, used extensively by Special Forces. He pulled out the probe, which looked like a tiny little silver rope, bent the front so he could see anything in a 90 degree angle, and poked the probe out. He took the other end of it, and hooked it up to his personal datapad. An image of what was outside the Pelican came to view. There was nothing. He looked to the right. Nothing. He was about to put the probe back when he noticed a shimmer outside the left of the downed Pelican. 'Stealth Elites, shit' he thought. He picked up his helmet, hoping that the CPU in his helmet still functioned. He was glad that his Thermal Vision still worked. It was perfect for this situation. The light-bending camouflauge the Elites used didn't hide heat, they actually generated it. Plus the camo deactivates their personal shields for energy. Jake activated his Thermal Vision and noticed something. It wasn't just one Elite. There were five of them.

* * *

>Noma Kaslee held his post near the aft section of the crashed Human Transport. Most of the inhabitants, called by humans as 'ODST's', escaped and were now in the human city, wrecking havoc. The Prophet of Truth gave direct orders to take this city and wait until he himself arrived. The human's attempts to retake the city were quite pestering. Their Infantry had taken a small portion of the city, only to be bombarded by Wraiths and Plasma Artillery. When Six Human Transports arrived above the city, Kaslee ordered his Anti Air Matter guns to shoot them down, and capture any surviving human. He heard his fellow brethren mutter why they needed to capture these vermin, and Kaslee would've loved to smell human blood again. But orders were orders, and he had to capture at least one of them. Luckily, there was one in the crashed Transport, but he was a persistent one. He put Five Grunts as bait to see if the human would come out and kill them. Obivously, this 'ODST' was smart, and threw a grenade in the group, sending the Grunts flying. Kaslee then saw the probe that peeked out of the Transport. Kaslee parted his mandibles, an equivalent of a smile. The human was going to come out and he wouldn't even see what hit him.<hr>'Those bastards are gonna get their due' Jake thought. He unholstered his Magnums, checked that they were fully loaded, and made sure his Thermal Vision was still on. He checked the Elite's positions. They weren't moving. 'They're waiting for me' he thought. He thought about an idea, and decided to play a game of possum. He stepped out of the Pelican, and staggered onto his knees, pretending to be wounded. He made sure that his Magnums were hidden and that his Thermal was still on. He saw one of the Elites step towards him with some Electrical Prong. Jake waited until it got close, looked up, and said "I think you got something on your head". The Elite, surprised that the human knew he was there, paused. This was the chance. Jake whirled his two Magnums, and pulled the trigger once on each. Two bullets entered the Elite's brain and his body materialized from thin air. Jake quickly turned to his right and fired Four shots, dropped two more Elites. Another Elite charged at Jake, a Plasma Rifle spitting blue plasma. Jake aimed, and unloaded the rest of his Magnum's ammunition on the Elite. Twelve shots later, the Elite's body was revealed and crashed onto the ground in a purple blood puddle. Jake waited for the last Elite to attack, but it never came.

He reloaded his Magnums and holstered one of them, keeping the other one in his hands, and moved.

* * *

>Kaslee was very impressed. The human was smarter than he thought. The human acted like he was wounded, and tricked one of his Elites to come towards him to stun the human. The human quickly shot the Elite and killed the three others with two human projectile pistols in quick succession. Sure, the weapons were primitive, but the human used it with masterful skill. Kaslee was about to get out of the area and report back to the Dire Salvation when he felt a sudden pain in his head, followed by his own blood leaking from his head.

* * *

>Jake fired a shot right at the Elite's head, killing it instantly. He checked his Thermal. Nothing here. He holstered his Magnum back into his right holster and unslung his BR. He put the fire selector to 'Single' and attached the scope onto the rifle. After clickling the safety to 'Off', he looked around for an exit out of this square of rubble. There was a doorway near the building to his left. He approached with caution, and leaned against the wall to the door. He pulled the pin of a Frag, threw it in, and waited for the whump. After he heard the grenade's detonation, he counted to three, and stormed in, His Rifle at the ready. Other than the burn marks of his grenade, there was nothing. 'Where the hell is everything?' Robinson asked himself. He decided to find out himself and walked cautiously through the Building. He soon found out that the fighting already passed through here. Bodies of fellow ODST's, Elites, Grunts and the blood of each of them littered the building. Shell casings, Plasma burns, discarded weapons, and some spare ammo were on the floor. Robinson tried to use his com in his helmet, but all he got was static. He was about to go back to the Pelican to see if there was a working radio in there when a person walked into the room, panting. It was Harrison.

"Oh Jesus, thank God you're still alive!"

"Where's the rest of the Platoon?" asked Jake.

"They're in a building about Twenty klicks from here. We can't go from here though."

"Why?"

"Covenant are crawling all over the place. The rest of the Company made it to their LZ's and linked up, but we were forced back".

Harrison sighed. "The El-Tee is dead".

Jake felt a pang of regret for Kergian. He was a damn fine Commander. He was the one who got their Company out of every sticky situation thought possible. "Who's in command now?" asked Jake.

"Sergeant Kilroy".

"We need to get to the rest of the company" said Jake, "Where's the most fastest route?".

"The sewer system, luckily for us, there's a tunnel in this building that leads to the sewers. From there, we'll head back to the Company HQ".

Jake nodded and noticed Harrison had no weapon. "Where's your Rifle?" asked Jake.

"It jammed on me when I got out of the crash".

Robinson picked up a Plasma Rifle, and checked the charge. 97. 'Not bad' thought Jake, and handed it to Harrison. "Ever used one of these?". Harrison looked and said "Yeah...yeah I guess so". Jake put the Plasma Rifle in his arms saying "Don't fire too much or you'll burn your hands off". Then they both entered the tunnel, which was in the building's basement, and came out into the sewers. The place stank like hell in an unflushed toilet. Jake heard Harrison gag while they waded through the sewer, but he didn't take notice. Jake kept an eye on his Motion Sensor in his Helmet, making sure they won't be ambushed. Sure enough, he saw three contacts appear near Jake's left. Jake pulled up his BR and aimed down that passageway.

"Whoa! Easy! We're friendly".

Three other ODST's appeared and approached Jake and Harrison. All three looked like hell. Jake noticed some magazines were missing from their ammo pouchs, showing that they'd been through quite a firefight. He immediately recognized one of them. PFC Lee "Lockhead" Jackson.

"So Jake, when were you going to show us those pistol tricks?"

Jake grinned. Lee was always the joker. But this wasn't the time to joke. "I'll show you after we kill all of the Covenant here, now let's get moving".

"Yes sir! Come on guys, Jake here is gonna give us a tour".

The five went through the sewers until they arrived at another tunnel entrance. "This way" said Harrison. They followed through the tunnel in a single file. Jake could already hear the staccato of BR's and the whine of Plasma above him. The earth shook from surface explosions as they went up the tunnel, kicking dirt from the ceiling. They got up into the building and linked back up with the rest of the Company. The building was a two-story apartment complex, that had five floors, and fifty rooms. Jake told Harrison and Lee to stay put while he would look for Sergeant Kilroy. Outside were Covenant troops, Wraiths, and the "Mammoth", a huge plasma artillery piece in the middle of the square.

Jake climbed a set of stairs and got up to the second floor to find a flurry of activity. Machine Guns were placed along the windows and unloading .50 cal lead into Covenant below. ODST's were running about, either looking for a window to shoot from, getting more ammo, or securing wounded. He quickly found Sergeant Kilroy, a man in his late 30's with short black hair, near a radio, yelling through the gunfire and explosions.

"Colonel! I can't even get a man near that Artillery! If I try to do that it will drain my company strength! Yes sir I understand

but...Yes sir...Yes sir!".

Kilroy hung up the radio and cursed. "Goddamn those paper pushing sons of bitches!". Kilroy slammed his fist against the wall.

"Corporal Jake Robinson reporting sir".

Kilroy looked up. "Corporal, I need to get a laser emitter to that Artillery so our 'Longbows' can bomb them into nothing but shiny pieces of metal. But if I send anyone near it, they get killed or too wounded. I need a way to get that emitter there".

Jake thought about it, and asked "Can I see the emitter Sarge?". Kilroy dug into his pocket and grabbed a small, cylindrical device, about the size of a grenade round. 'Wait' thought Jake. 'Grenade round...'. He went into his equipment bag and found an M8 Grenade Launcher. The M8 could be attached to a BR and had a range of over 200 yards. Jake attached the Launcher to his Rifle and opened the Launcher chamber. The emitter fit perfectly in the chamber, and Robinson shut the chamber. "Sarge, I think you should move away from that window".

Before Kilroy could ask why, Jake activated the emitter, loaded it into the Launcher, adjusted his aim, and fired. The emitter pulsed red as it sailed through the air, landing right onto the Mammoth, a perfect landing. Kilroy got onto the radio and yelled "Everyone! Get your heads down!". Every ODS in the building ducked and covered their heads. Soon, there was a low, droning sound of the UNSC's High Altitude Bomber, nicknamed the Longbow. A second after the Longbow's made their presence known, about ten tons of explosives rained down on the Mammoth gun. The whole thing collapsed from the sheer force of the explosions. Grunts and Elites sailed through the air and landed on the ground with a crunch. Soon, the area became quiet, and dust settled over the ground. There was a reason Jake was sometimes nicknamed "Hell's Daredevil".

Kilroy had a big grin on his face, and was about to congratulate Jake when a purple beam shot right through his forehead. Jake ducked for cover right after another beam went through the window. Robinson looked out, but he couldn't see anything. A third beam shot right above Jake's head. He ducked down and remembered where that beam originated, a church tower North east of his position. He calculated the distance between him and the sniper, estimated the elevation of his Launcher, and loaded a Grenade Round into the chamber. He popped up and fired. The round sailed through the sky before hitting the church tower, creating a wide hole where the sniper was.

Jake surveyed the area, making sure it was all clear. When he was satisfied that no hostiles were in the area, Robinson got up and picked up Kilroy's dogtags. 'Sometimes I really hate this shit' he thought. He notified the ODS in the building that Kilroy was dead. Some of them shook their heads, some sighed and wiped the grime off of their faces. They were too used to losing good men. Robinson was too, being a veteran and luckily surviving a lot of shit in this war. Jericho XV, New Constantinople, Atlas Moon, Reach...

And Halo.

He wasn't even part of the Pillar of Autumn crew when he got out of

Reach. His Pelican lost alot of fuel from the trip coming out of Reach's atmosphere and their home ship, the Supercarrier Trafalgar, was destroyed. The Pillar of Autumn picked them up before they jumped into Slipspace. Right after that, he was sent to the Cryo chambers and slept for sometime before he was awoken. He remembered the chaos on the ship as Covenant boarded it, the fighting that ensued, and the Halo.

When he first saw it, he thought it was some sort of battle station or ship dock, but he was wrong. He had to land in the Halo in an HEV Pod. He barely made it out, along with the fight for Alpha Base. He was one of the ODST's that fought their way to the Truth and Reconciliation, sadly he was part of the rear guard, but it was nice having a Spartan fighting with them at the time.

As soon as he got back to Alpha Base, he was ordered with a Marine force to join up with Lieutenant Mckay's raid on the crashed Pillar of Autumn. He nearly got burned by a Energy Mortar during the trip back to Alpha Base, but he pulled through. He then participated with Mckay's raid on a Covenant convoy heading for a fake Pelican crash. That was where he first fought the Flood. It wasn't like any other fight he had fought. His mind became numb of all of the killing, and his thoughts about the death he created. He soon took some rest and after a day of recovery, he and the rest of the Marines were sent in back to the Truth and Reconciliation. THIS time, they were taking it back.

However, Robinson knew the risk. He saw the Flood in action, and it was a risk taking an infested ship back to Earth. He wasn't going to be able to participate in that bloody action. So he and another fellow ODST Corporal named Locklear, a Pelican Pilot named Polaski, Haverson an ONI Lieutenant,. and Sergeant Avery Johnson took off in a Pelican. Robinson looked at the Truth and hoped that something would stop Major Silvia. Sure enough, the Covenant Cruiser plunged into the ground, killing everyone in it.

Jake didn't know how he made it back to Earth. After their Pelican exited the Halo's Atmosphere, the Halo exploded and a small chunk of it hit the Pelican, rocking everyone in it. Jake was thrown up at the ceiling and was knocked into coma. When he woke up, he was in a hospital in Sydney, Austrailia. He saw Sergeant Johnson sometime after and asked him about what happened. Johnson didn't tell much but he say that Robinson was put in an empty cryo tube sometime after their Pelican made contact with an active UNSC Longsword, and revealed the deaths of Polaski and Locklear. Jake was shook when he heard that Locklear and Polaski were killed. Jake knew Locklear ever since Sigmus Octanus and thought he and Polaski were gonna be a cute couple. He was saddened that he couldn't fight alongside his comrade anymore. Johnson wouldn't say anything else, saying that it was 'classified', and that Robinson should never EVER speak of it to anyone. Robinson had to keep it a secret, under orders from ONI itself. Robinson tried to forget about it, but he always had dreams about the fighting, the killing...the death...

He shook his head. 'Damnit Jake, focus!' he told himself and went to the Company radio to alert command that he had taken his objective, and needed immediate extraction. The network was utter chaos. Most of which were from the Space engagements above Earth. He decided that he would listen to the chatter for a minute while his ODST's, since now he was the only officer in command, took a rest. He was about to stop

it and alert Division HQ of Bravo Company's success when he heard some interesting chatter from the fleet.

_ "We got a target, unknown classification" _

_ "It isn't one of ours...take it out"._

At first, Jake thought it was a new Covenant ship. The sons of bitches always had a new piece of equipment. Weapons, ships, Vehicles, etc etc. As Jake thought about this, a new voice came on the radio.

_ "This is Spartan One-One-Seven, can anyone hear me, over?"._

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* * *

><p><p>

Review please. Yes, I know people are going to read this and say "Wtf? Another Halo survivor? Whats the deal appledude?". Well I can't say much, but that has ALOT to do with the plot I have going on here. Please Review.

End
file.